

Fisherman and Farmer.

ELIZABETH CITY N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1901.

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CLERK COHOON HONORED.

Presented with a Gold-Headed Cane—Senator Currie's Witty Speech of Presentation.

Yesterday at 1 o'clock, immediately succeeding the adjournment of the Court of Impeachment, President Turner and Sergeant-at-Arms Smith announced that there would be "a pleasant little ceremony in the Senate chamber, and all who desire to do so could remain and witness it."

Nearly all of the great crowd remained, and soon found what the "incident" would be, as Senator Currie of Bladen, with a handsome gold-headed cane in his hand, called Reading Clerk Walter L. Cohoon to the front.

Senator Currie then, in the wittiest and most enjoyable little speech that has been heard in the capitol building this season (and which is reproduced below,) presented to Mr. Cohoon the elegant testimonial of the regard and esteem of a number of those associated with him during session of the Senate.

Mr. Cohoon responded in a very fitting and eloquent speech of acceptance, which the writer will not mar by attempting to reproduce it here.

SENATOR CURRIE'S WITTY SPEECH.

Senator Currie said:

Mr. Speaker, Ladies and Gentlemen—Mr. Cohoon, in behalf of the Senate I have the pleasure of presenting to you a of our regard, appreciating that you have not only been a good reading clerk, but that you have discharged what you have sincerely and honestly believed to be your duty to the ladies in the gallery—a case where duty becomes a pleasure. Sad, sad, indeed, will be the day when we all are separated and no longer will some small page hand you an accustomed note saying something like this: "The blonde on the front seat in the gallery, with a red-bird in her bonnet, would be charmed to meet the handsome young reading clerk."

In the closing hour of our session some Senator jokingly sent forward a resolution that I should thank the ladies for their regular attendance in the galleries. Being a modest man, and not gifted in ready speech, I was an oyster. Sometimes, though, we think the gift of gab rather a curse, especially when there is a continuous flow of words from some windy Senator for hour after hour, when our only relief from desperation is the smiles on the faces in the gallery.

What a weary, monotonous life would that of a legislator be but for the ladies in the gallery.

If the ladies did not go to church I am sure no man ever would; and there would be no Legislature but for the ladies in the gallery.

When we—most of us farmers, as we are—betake ourselves home and have laid our long-tailed statesman coats away in the chest, with a few moth balls thrown in, against the day when we will be called, Cincinnatus-like, back from the plow to serve our State—and I will pause to say that those of us who have offered up ambition on the altar of duty by getting prohibition and the stock law for our counties do not expect soon to receive that call—after we have put on our farmer clothes and have toiled during the spring, on some hot summer day, after having plowed all the morning some obstreperous mule or stubborn steer, we stop at noon under the shade to eat our homely fare, and lie down to snatch a little rest, we will think mournfully of the time when we received four dollars a day, and listen in our imagination to the clink of the ice in the refreshing glass, and fall asleep to dream of the fair women in the gallery; then to be awakened by the slanting sun rays in our face to the painful realization that life is not all beer and skittles.

Raleigh has lots of pretty women, and those not pretty look healthy—and that is to be chosen rather than beauty, and, from a matrimonial view, is considerable great capital stock when going into the house-keeping business. The young members of the Senate have paid considerable attention to the ladies in the galleries.

Legislatures may come and go, and some of you ladies will doubtless come to watch the deliberations, but I will remind you that time goes on, and if you do not listen to the tale of woe of these young men the day may come when art will be called in to the aid of weakening nature and the matrimonial capital stock will be considerably below par. While looking from the gallery into some upturned face you may see the image of some admirer of the days of the then long ago, and the sadly, solemn thought will come to you—alas! what might have been.

In behalf of the Senator from Durham, the Senator from Jones, the Senator from Johnson and the Senator from Mitchell, I will advise you, in the language of a great poet—

"Then be not coy, but use your time,

And, while ye may, go marry. For, having once but lost your prime,

You may forever tarry."

I have digressed, like our good preachers are wont to do, from my text; but I know that I will be pardoned, as my subject is so attached to women.

Walter, take this cane; wear it sometimes, but remember that such a handsome thing in the hands of a man like you is a dangerous weapon. May your days be long in the land, and may your gallantry never diminish.—Raleigh Post.

A Curiosity.

Near the line of the E. C. railway between Macclesfield and Turnage, on the farm of the late Dennis Mercer, now owned by his widow, is a huge round pile of lightwood placed there 36 years ago to make a tar kiln. It is in the shape of an inverted truncated pyramid about fifteen in diameter at the base, and twenty five at the top, and nine or ten feet high. The resinous wood is as sound now as it was when put there. At the rate the small bundles of this kindling wood is sold here in the stores, there is at least \$500 worth of it.

Mrs. Mercer, for some reason, will not sell nor permit the huge pile to be disturbed. Near it is a small pine tree whose bark is worn smooth by people climbing up it to see how the huge pile appears on top.—Tarboro Southerner.

Do Your Best Every Day.

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to attain it is not so difficult. Summed up, it is just this: do your best every day, whatever you have in hand.

The principal failures in business, so far as I can judge, are a lack of definite plan, shiftlessness trying to find some new way to suddenly leap into a high position, instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity.—John Wanamaker.

The Earth's Measurement.

After nearly thirty years of constant effort and the expenditure of nearly \$500,000, scientists have succeeded in accurately measuring the earth. They have learned that its diameter through the equator is 7,926 miles; its height from pole to pole 7,899 miles. The earth, therefore, is flattened at the poles, and while this fact has been asserted, the actual measurement has removed the question from the domain of doubt.

Self government cannot be taught to one people by another people. It is something that must be learned by experience.—Commoner.

The Menace of Mormonism.

Our people should be fully awake to the fact that Mormonism in North Carolina is still a menace to the cause of citizenship and righteousness. We have some correspondence, which we shall shortly publish, which will go to show that the emissaries of this faith are still engaged in their nefarious work. We dislike to believe that they are showing a zeal and activity which would put to the blush the workers in the various Christian denominations, but we are afraid that such a belief is a logical necessity. The news from Utah goes to show that the United States Government has not settled the question of polygamy. The adjudication of the Roberts matter has not proven a solution to the problem. There has lately passed the Utah Legislature a bill introduced by Representative Evans, making it impossible to indict those guilty of polygamy. Polygamy, and all that it means is the inspiration of the Mormon religion. Without polygamy, the strength of Mormonism is gone, and it is not to be supposed that Mormons will dispense with the very foundations of their faith without making a desperate effort to retain what is their life and their hope. Our people should have their eyes open, and be active, doing everything possible to thwart the purposes of Mormon emissaries.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

Head Weighs Fifty Pounds.

Ellensboro boasts of a boy five years old and weighing 65 lbs. His head is 46 inches in circumference and weighs 50 pounds, leaving the weight of the rest of his body at 15 pounds. He lies in bed most of the time and reads the newspapers. He has refused \$75 a month to go with a New York theatrical troupe.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Love never finds a burden too heavy for it to tackle.

Loafers seem to have a grudge against all men who are busy.

A man seldom does his best unless he is working for himself.

Men inherit their own past and devise their own future.

Some pictures taken from life indicate that the artist ought to be.

Fortune is usually seen in the company of industry and charity.

Nature made a mistake in creating men who love for themselves alone.

Many a woman is forced to stand up for her rights in a crowded street car.

The man who boasts of paying as he goes is usually slow about making a start.

BUY YOUR SHOES

From us. We keep them shined free of charge.

Buy Your



CLOTHING

From us. We keep your pants pressed free of charge.

Buy your



HATS

From us as we handle nothing but the best such as Young Bros.' and the Chesterfield in latest shapes and shades.

Buy your

FURNISHING GOODS

From us as we keep everything up-to-date

Yours to please,

TATEM, MANN & CO.

Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Men's furnishing Goods.